

This story is part of a series of seven which attempt to account for changes in the character of The Doctor as seen in the recent movie. They are numbered for the incarnation of the Doctor which appears in them, not for the order in which they should be read (which is immaterial).

WARNING: The stories deal with sexual themes, and are not suitable for minors, or anyone likely to be offended by depictions of the Doctor taking part in such activity (i.e. anyone who didn't like the 8th Dr kissing Grace :)

### (P)REPERCUSSIONS - 3

As the sounds of heavy boots reverberated through the mansion the Doctor pulled Jo down the cellar stairs, whispering for her to close the door behind them. She held his hand tightly as he negotiated them both through the pitch blackness and out of sight of the cellar door.

"We'll be all right Jo. I don't know who these people are, but I doubt if they'll bother to check the cellar."

He felt his hand squeezed in silent reply. Jo's breathing was fast and shallow, easily audible in the silent stone chamber. Then the door at the top of the stairs creaked open, allowing light to flood in. The Doctor glanced around. The only hiding place was a narrow gap between two solid-looking wine racks, and he slipped into it, pulling Jo after him. Both of them held their breath. A slow, ponderous tread drew creaks of complaint from the elderly stairs. Someone was descending. Slipping his arm around Jo's waist he drew her close against him, pulling both of them back into the fissure as deep as possible. He felt Jo trembling against him, and the pressure against his groin combined with her movements to make his cock stir involuntarily. He moved slightly in an attempt to minimize the contact. He felt uneasy. As if the concept of an erection were totally foreign to him. That was ridiculous of course, hadn't he always been attracted to Earth women? "Absolute quiet now!" he whispered in her ear. All his senses were heightened as the heavy footfalls drew slowly nearer. His fingertips could feel the weave of the denim pinafore dress Jo was wearing; he could smell the fresh scent of her hair, the

plastic of her white knee-boots, and underneath both the slight but unmistakable odor of her fear. His ears caught the rapid beats of her heart and the rustle of clothing brushing the racks to either side. His cock grew further, pressing against his trousers, pulsing in time with his own heartbeats. Jo surely must be able to feel it now, the hardness against her back. Almost against his will the hand pulling her against him moved higher, slipping beneath the denim and pressing against the check cotton blouse covering her stomach. Exerting all his self-control he stopped the movement. This wasn't right. He was taking advantage of the situation. He'd never felt like this before. Had he? Moments of great danger always brought arousal in their wake, but that was no reason to inflict his own fetishes on one of his trusting companions. Unaccustomed confusion swirled through his mind, almost as if...

The footsteps halted. Then he heard the figure turn and begin to re-climb the protesting stairs. He let out a breath held for far too long as the door finally closed. And then held the next as Jo's hand took his own and tugged it higher. She placed his palm over her breast, and beneath the thin cotton he felt the growing stiffness of her nipple. So. Perhaps he wasn't unique in being turned on by the approach of danger! He bent forward to nuzzle the hair of his companion, and as his hand slowly circled and teased the swelling nub of her small breast he drew a small gasp from her.

His other hand caressed Jo's thigh, slowly sliding under the short hem of her skirt and stroking the soft skin beneath. The girl was still trembling, but he hoped it was no longer from fear alone. She pressed backwards, rubbing her rear up and down against his rigid cock, the extra friction causing it to grow to full size, almost painful now in the restricted space of his trousers. His right hand teased her other nipple erect, while the left resumed its upward exploration: lightly brushing the skin between her thighs; softly stroking the short, fine hairs on her upper leg; circling and teasing with his delicate touch. Once again the Doctor was cautious in his advances, and once again it was Jo who took the initiative, guiding him higher until his fingers brushed against

the crotch of her panties, and she started with the thrill of the contact.

He lightly stroked the lips of her sex through the clinging cotton, feeling the slight dampness of her arousal. His other hand left her now swollen breasts to move higher, seeking to open the buttons of her shirt. Jo bent forward to kiss the hand, distracting it from its intended task. She licked his fingers, gently pushing each one into her mouth in turn, circumscribing each with a swirl of her tongue before moving on to the next, timing her motions to the slow caresses he made below.

The tension in his crotch was now unendurable, and once again Jo seemed to sense his need without him speaking. Gently disengaging his hands she turned to face him. Her face was half-hidden in the darkness of the cellar, but tracing her lips with his fingers he felt a smile.

"I never realized, Doctor."

He puzzled over the words for a moment. Never realized what? That he could be aroused by the closeness of an Earth woman? That he possessed a sexual nature? He shrugged mentally, filing the comment for later as Jo's small fingers fumbled with the fastenings of his trousers. He sighed with relief at the sense of freedom when his cock was finally freed from its straightjacket. Taking Jo's head in his hands, he tilted it upwards, leaning forward to kiss her. Her lips parted at his first touch and they pressed close, her hands cautiously, teasingly, exploring the size of him while they gently embraced. Pulling back Jo began kissing the Doctor's face, swiftly, briefly, lips brushing his cheek, his nose, his throat. As her kisses became harder and faster, so the movements of her fingers along the length of his cock became firmer, swifter. The Doctor tensed at the feelings coursing through him - feelings that should be completely alien to him, to all Time Lords. Where had that thought come from? His orgasm was building, too soon, too quickly. He took Jo's hands and pulled them free, feeling her stiffen and stop her kisses.

"Don't worry Jo," he gasped, "It's just that everything was happening a little too fast. Let's take things just a tad more slowly, my dear."

Jo giggled. "I thought a man of your advanced years would need a good deal of attention before he could perform."

"I'll have you know that I'm still in my prime by Timelord standards," he responded in a mock-offended whisper, taking the opportunity

to continue the unbuttoning of Jo's blouse. The bib of her dress made the operation difficult, and he slipped the shoulder straps down. Jo stared up into his eyes and smiled slightly as she shrugged out of the denim dress. Unfastening the red scarf from her neck she draped it around the Doctor's own, much to his annoyance.

"I do believe you're not taking this seriously!" He slipped a hand into the interior of her blouse, now held closed by a single button, and lightly pinched one of her nipples. Jo twitched, more out of surprise than the brief flash of pain. Her expression became even more playful.

"I'm so sorry Doctor," she replied with mock contrition, "You're always saying I need to be reminded just how serious things are." She turned and bent over, the movement raising the hem of her shirt to present her red-knickered rump to the Doctor's gaze. He hesitated for a moment, and then realized that this was part of a game that Jo was playing. Shrugging slightly he delivered a stinging slap to her buttocks. Jo wiggled her rear and giggled, and thus encouraged he followed up the initial smack with another half dozen. He was surprised to feel his cock swelling once more, and was forced to admit finding the activity of "punishing" his pretty companion quite arousing. Taking the idea a stage further - always ready to stop if Jo displayed any reservations - he pulled her hands behind her back, tying them together with the scarf she'd placed around his neck. Jo glanced over her shoulder with a startled look but made no other response, so the Doctor reached forward, grasping a lock of hair at the nape of her neck. By tugging

gently he pulled her upright and closer to him. One arm encircled her narrow waist and drew her close, pressing his cock into the material covering the valley that divided her taut buttocks. He maneuvered the head of his cock between the palms of her bound hands, while pulling open the last fastening of her shirt. His own hand then began gliding over her naked torso, pressing firmly into her belly, tracing a path around each breast, lightly skimming each nipple and then caressing randomly with more and more pressure until Jo never knew what to expect from moment to moment, and her gasps of pleasure drove him on.

His hand gradually traced lower, measuring the trembling in the body it's movements defined, until when sure the time was right he slid a finger over the waistband of Jo's knickers and pulled them down. Her hands were spasmodically kneading the glans of his cock as it pushed back and forth between her palms, the mixture of pain and pleasure serving to keep his arousal below the point of no return. Carefully, gently, he pushed one finger between the pouting lips of Jo's vulva, the penetration eliciting a small noise of mingled anticipation and pleasure, together with a convulsive squeeze on the head of his cock. He pressed further, sliding easily forward in the slick moistness despite the tight grip of her vagina. As his thrusts became faster and deeper the noises from Jo turned into incoherent animal sounds. A second finger joined the first - then a third. Jo's head began lashing from side to side, her trembling becoming spasmodic movements, the noises rising, becoming a babble of nonsense words that finally ended in a scream that he was forced to muffle with his free hand, aware that the mansion above might still be occupied. Jo sagged against him, muscles weak from the power of the orgasm that had washed over her. The Doctor carefully withdrew his hand and held her close to him, stroking her brow gently until she recovered her senses .

She turned to face him, looking up with shining eyes. "Oh!"

"Well quite. Allow me," the Doctor moved to untie the scarf that still bound Jo's wrists, but with a quick shrug she freed herself and handed over the cloth with a cheeky grin.

"I have been studying escapology, you remember." Her eyes turned downwards to look at the Doctor's cock as it began to shrink.

"I don't think you got as much out of that as I did."

The Doctor tensed as the floorboards above their heads creaked. "Yes, well. Never mind about that now. I think we have more immediate matters to concentrate on." His thoughts whirled on as Jo hastily redressed herself. What had just happened here felt anomalous in some way. Someone was messing about with the time-stream, and he had a sneaking suspicion that it was his own timeline that was being interfered with. Still, with a non-operational TARDIS his options were limited. He could only hope that one of his other incarnations was in a better position to investigate. "Come on Jo. Let's find out just what's going on upstairs." Hand in hand the pair left the cellar.